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LETTERS OF ROBERT LUCAS PEARSALL

THE name of Pearsall cannot be classed with those of the few English composers familiar to everybody. On the other hand, he belongs to the very few of whom it can be said that their reputation has steadily increased during the last half-century. Born in 1795 and dying in 1856, his career covers a period during which there are but few names to be remembered in the roll of English musicians. Bishop, Balfe, Bennett, the two Wesleys and Wallace almost exhaust the list—a curious sextet of men whose work was widely dissimilar, though each of whom in his own way has won some measure of fame. He would be a bold prophet who would predict that fifty years hence the operas and songs of Balfe and Wallace would still be remembered, yet there cannot be much risk in foretelling a long life for the church music of the two Wesleys', while the glees of Bishop will probably survive many years after the mass of music written by that prolific composer has been entirely forgotten. Bennett's case is more doubtful. The younger generation will probably still, as at present, continue to look upon him as a shadow of Mendelssohn, though how inaccurate such a view is will be only recognized by those who can appreciate the delicate individuality of his singularly refined talent. His works may for a time be laid aside, but they can never be forgotten for long, for they contain the germs of eternal youth which cannot be stifled by years of neglect. Can the name of Pearsall be added to our above list? There is something to be said both for and against. His best work—his madrigals and some of his part-songs and church music—reaches a very high level of excellence and there is nothing exactly like it in the work of any of his contemporaries. A son of the romantic movement, he was a pioneer in his exploration of the music of the late 16th and early 17th centuries, and his best compositions reproduce the spirit of the great Elizabethans and Italians whom he studied, at the same time successfully avoiding the snare of becoming a mere dry-as-dust imitator. In this he displayed real genius, and if his ultimate position in the roll of English musicians rested on his best work, he should enjoy a high place, though one apart from any of his contemporaries. But unfortunately there has been published a good deal from his



Robert Lucas Pearsall

pen which falls far short of his highest level of excellence. In this, of course, he is not alone, but in a composer of the first rank even his second and third best possesses interest. But Pearsall can never claim to rank with the greatest, and his less important compositions fall very far short of the level he reached in his best work. These minor compositions, it is safe to say, are now mostly forgotten, and are not likely to see the light of revival. They may well be neglected, more particularly as he was not responsible for the publication of the bulk of them. But wherever the art of choral singing continues to flourish as it has done, almost without interruption, in England for the last 250 years, his madrigals undoubtedly will cause his name to be loved and remembered by the side of those of the great Elizabethan composers. It is therefore to the small circle of his admirers that the letters here published for the first time will appeal. They reveal the numerous activities of his mind and the many interests with which he was occupied beyond the art of music. It was, indeed, the many-sidedness of his character which caused his contemporaries to overlook his real eminence as a musician. Even long after his death, he was regarded merely as a talented amateur who had taken up music more as a branch of archæology than as a serious pursuit. His little personal foibles, the love of mediævalism which caused him to live for the latter part of his life in the old castle he had restored in Switzerland, his devotion to genealogy and heraldry, to the laborious researches in the by-paths of archæology—these played a too prominent part in the estimate in which he was held as a musician. But looked at now, over half a century from the date of his death, they fall into their proper place and can be regarded as only a part, and that not the most important one, in the real result of his life-work.

Pearsall's career, like his best music, was very different from that of most musicians of his day. Born at Clifton in 1795, he traced his descent from the Pearsalls, Persalls or Peshalls of Rowley Regis near Halesowen, a younger branch of whom, in the person of John Pearsall, in 1712 settled at Willsbridge in the parish of Bitton, between Bristol and Bath, where he erected a mill for rolling hoop-iron and making steel. The business for a long time was successful, and in 1730 John Pearsall built himself a house at Willsbridge, but in 1811 the works were closed and their owner became bankrupt and left the village. Robert Lucas Pearsall was the only surviving child of Richard Pearsall, an officer in the Enniskillen Dragoons and subsequently Major in the West Gloucestershire Yeomanry Cavalry. His mother was Elizabeth Lucas,

of Bristol. His grandfather was John Pearsall of Willsbridge and his grandmother Philippa Still, daughter of John Still of the Bury, Downton—a great-grandson of John Still (1543?–1608) Bishop of Bath and Wells, the reputed author of “Gammer Gurton’s Needle.” Major Pearsall died when his son was still a child. His mother bought back Willsbridge House in 1817, when the family resumed its connection with Willsbridge, though the old iron business was no longer continued. The stone mill, with water-power supplied by a brook, formerly used for rolling iron, still exists, but is now used for grinding flour. It was from his mother that Robert Lucas derived his love of music. He was educated at home and as a boy composed a cantata on “Saul and the Witch of Endor,” which was privately printed, though no copies are known to exist. Had he been allowed to follow his inclinations, Pearsall would have entered the army, but in deference to his mother’s wishes he studied law, entering at Lincoln’s Inn. In 1817 he married Harriett Elizabeth, only child of Armfield Hobday, of Holles Street, Cavendish Square. In 1821 he was called to the bar and joined the Western Circuit, residing principally at Willsbridge House. He seems to have had some success as a barrister, and it is recorded that on one occasion he was complimented in a speech by John Campbell, afterwards Lord Chancellor. About this time he is said to have been a contributor to *Blackwood’s Magazine*, but his articles have never been identified. The volumes for 1821 and 1822 contain three sets of new words for old national melodies (with the music) sent by ‘Thomas Piper’ from ‘Chantington’, which may be by Pearsall. A paper “On the Metaphysics of Music and their accordance with modern practice”, which appeared in May, 1822, signed ‘T. D.’, is very much like his style. An allusion to Cobbett in both papers, is significant, for in 1839 he contributed to ‘Felix Farley’s Journal’ six imaginary letters from Cobbett on music. In 1825 Pearsall had a slight attack of apoplexy, which led to his leaving England with his family. After remaining for some time at Brussels, Bruges and Liège, he settled for five years at Mainz. Here he first began the serious study of music, under the tuition of Joseph Panny (1794–1838), the master of Peter Cornelius. He seems first to have turned his attention to instrumental music and composed several overtures, one of which was played at Mainz in 1828. He also made an excellent translation of Schiller’s “William Tell,” which was published in London in 1829. In the same year he returned to England, remaining at Willsbridge for a year, but in the autumn of 1830 he joined his family at

Baden-Baden and soon after settled at Carlsruhe, where he remained for nearly twelve years. From Carlsruhe he paid long visits to Ratisbon, Nürnberg, Vienna, Pesth and Prague, at Munich going through a course of musical study with Kaspar Ett (1788–1847), a musician who did great service in Germany in reviving the pure style of early church music. It is in the period of his residence at Carlsruhe that the series of Pearsall's letters which have been preserved begins. The early ones are addressed to his friend the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, Vicar of Bitton, in which parish Willsbridge is situated. They are printed here with only omissions of matters relating to family affairs and business matters, which are sometimes gone into at great length. I have added what comments seem necessary at the end of each letter.

I





CARLSRUHE, GERMANY, May 7th, 1833.

Dear Ellacombe.


As I have an opportunity of sending a parcel to England, I have made up a little packet of music for you. There are two copies of a piece of music amongst it. Egotism is now so much the fashion that I may well stand excused for mentioning myself first. It is a Gradual composed in imitation of church music of the 17th century, and has been performed here with some success. . . I have the more pleasure in sending you this, as the musical reviews have spoken very well of it, and I believe that it is the best thing that I have done of the kind.—The other things that I have sent are—1. Some chaunts, which I believe to be the source from which ours of the Church of England are drawn. They are taken from a Book published by the Lutherans before they had quite rejected the Roman *form* of worship. I have no doubt that they were retained from the Romish ritual. The book from which I took them is very scarce. It contains the Lutheran liturgy of the time, which is so similar to the Catholic liturgy that I thought at first sight that I had fallen on a translation of it, and it was not until I came to the celebrated Hymn of Luther, "From Turk and Pope defend us, Lord", that I was undeceived. I have sent you also a curious old song, the words of which are half in Latin and half in German, which appears to have been a favorite fashion in the Middle Ages. It is called in the book where I found it (this book bears date A. D. 1504) a very old and fair (*schön*) Christmas-eve Song. The melody is indeed very beautiful and composed in the pure spirit of simplicity and devotion. I have harmonized it with some care for 4 voices. Get Salter or any one who is equally capable to play it and fancy it sung by a single-hearted and uncorrupted congregation of peasants in their Xmas-eve procession and I am sure you will appreciate it. Such melodies cannot be composed now-a-days. They were the emanations of a pure and sincerely religious spirit and this spirit is now no more. It is the same with the paintings of the old German school. Rough though they be, look in the faces of the Saints and Virgins and you will find reflected in them the devotion of the Painter. Our painters are now all Atheists—or next to it—and

that's the reason why we see so many Angels and Apostles looking like Heathen Lords and Philosophers rather than anything Christian. I have much increased my collection of music since I saw you last. I was at Munich last May and spent a month in the Library there and had the assistance of the King's Chaplain (who is a great musical antiquary) in making a selection from the manuscripts; and there is a glorious assemblage of them, which you will readily believe when I tell you that the music of the dissolved monasteries has been deposited there. . . I found at Augsburg a composition of Pope Gregory VII (very beautiful) and a Latin version of the Hymn by our Henry VIII given in Boyce. I will send you these whenever an opportunity presents itself, together with a Magnificat by Orlando di Lasso (a great master of the Flemish School) which I am about to publish here. Do you recollect a MS. music book of the 15th century which you showed me when I was last in England? I believe you found it at *Strong's*. It was in vellum. I did not know what it was at the time, but now I know that it contained a portion of the old *Bis-cantus* of the Romish Church. If you bought it, keep it, for it is *rarissimum*! When at Munich I employed myself much in deciphering the old music and I will give you some of the results of my experience.

The ancient signatures as to Time were as follows:

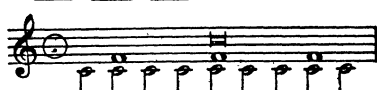
No. 1  No. 2  No. 3  No. 4  It seems that there were two sorts of time. I. Perfect time (*Tempus perfectum*).

II. Imperfect time (*Tempus imperfectum*).

Perfect time was what we call simple triple time, *i.e.*, where the bar is divided into 3 parts. The subdivision of these parts was called prolation (*Prolatio*). If each part was subdivided into 3 the prolation was Perfect—(*Prolatio Perfecta*), but if into 2 it was imperfect (*Prolatio Imperfecta*). Perfect Time was denoted by a circle and perfect prolation by a dot. Thus when the measure or bar was divided into three parts and those three were subdivided into three others, it was denoted by a  and called *tempus perfectum et prolatio perfecta*. This was what we now call

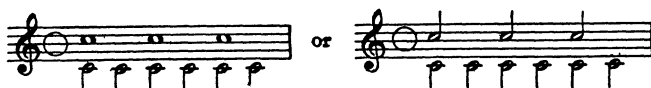




It was anciently written



None of the notes were dotted, because the dot in the circle was sufficient for all in the bar. When the bar was divided into 3 parts which were subdivided by 2, it was *Tempus perfectum et Prolatio imperfecta*.


This is what we now call  Anciently written

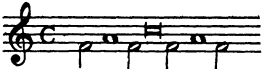


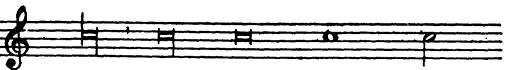
Tempus imperfectum was when the bar was divided into 2 parts. It was denoted by a half-circle——so. If its prolation were perfect, i.e., if the said 2 parts were subdivided into 3, then a dot was put in the middle of the half-circle——so. This Tempus imperfectum et prolatio per-

fecta was what we now call  It was anciently writ-

ten  Tempus imperfectum et prolatio imper-

fecta was what we call Common Time,  anciently

written  The ancient notes in music were called

as follows:  Each preceding

Maxima Longa Brevis Semibrevis Minima

one is equal to two of the succeeding one. I puer! I have now let you into the *sacra arcana*; perhaps they may be serviceable if you should ever get hold of any ancient MSS.; at any rate you will not think the less of them when I tell you that throughout all Paris I could not find one man who could give me the least clue to the meaning of these ancient signatures. In the Rhine land nobody understands them and it was not till I got to Munich that I found in the person of Mr. Ett (a very respectable composer and a learned man to boot, for he understands Greek and Hebrew and half a dozen Oriental languages—a sort of musical Dominie Sampson), [one] who could explain them to me. After I left Munich I went to Nürnberg. I wished for you there, for in regard to old architecture it is a perfect Eldorado. As I came into the town at 5 o'clock in the morning, before anybody was stirring, I could almost fancy myself living in the Middle Ages, so surrounded is one on every side with vestiges of the 14th and 15th centuries. On the ceiling of one of the corridors of the Town Hall there is represented in Alt-Relief a Tournament where all the tilers are dressed in the costume of *Court-fools*. This was often the case, I understand, at the tournaments given by the patrician families of the Imperial Cities who wished to ridicule the martial games of the Country Gentlemen; for in the early part of the 15th century they were not admitted to these games, being considered as [a] sort of half-castes between nobles and plebeians. At Nürnberg the common executioner follows three professions. He is a very expert cutter-off of heads, a Doctor of Medicine and the *most esteemed music-master in the Town*! The most remarkable thing I saw in this old City was the remains of an old machine for inflicting death called the Jungfer or Virgin. This machine was in the form of the Virgin Mary. On touching a spring she stepped forward, extended her arms (from the inside of which issued a number of small poniards) and embraced her

victim. She then released him and stepped back to her original position, but in so doing she caused a trap in the floor to open through which the dead man was precipitated on a sort of scissor-bed which was so nicely balanced and so arranged that the weight of a man's body falling on it would set it in motion for many minutes, so that he was cut to shreds in an instant. The section underneath will give you some idea of this horrible and complicated piece of machinery.¹

AA—the weights by which the scissor-bed was balanced and set going.
D—a sort of grave where the remains of the persons executed were deposited. N. B.—There were some skulls and bones there.

This machine was placed in a subterranean room approached through the casemates of the old Castle and defended by strong doors. I saw enough of the remains of this machine to be convinced that it existed, and collected some evidence respecting it from persons who had seen it in a more perfect state. I have since heard that a similar machine exists in the vaults under the Palace of the King of Prussia at Berlin and that another in very good preservation is to be found at Mecklenburg-Schwerin. I shall enquire further about this. In the meantime is it not singular that this instrument was called the *Virgin*, that the old Scotch Guillotine was called the *Maiden* and that the old German Guillotine or Fall-Devil (and this was known as early as A. D. 1270) was used as a punishment for ravishing *virgins*? We say of a man destined to be beheaded that he will *kiss* the block. The Scotch said formerly 'he'll *kiss the maiden*', and the Germans, speaking of the death inflicted by their *Virgin*, called it the *Jungfer-Kuss* or '*Kiss of the Virgin*.' It seems as if there was a community of origin in these inventions. I have collected materials for an interesting article treating on this subject which perhaps I may hereafter print. I have collected other scraps of curious information since we last met, particularly as to the old *Judicium Dei* in Franconia, where the accuser and accused fought it out to death with immense shields armed at top and bottom with spikes—a most cruel weapon, I promise you. In the Library at Munich I found an old "Art of Defense" written on vellum in the year 1400 by Paulus Kall, fencing-master to the then Duke of Bavaria. In this there are drawings of all sorts of weapons then in vogue. . . I have almost completed a set of drawings showing in detail the manner of executing this combat and the ceremonies by which it was attended. . . I read the English papers with dismay. That a Revolution is preparing in our Country is what no person can doubt, and happen what may it will be very sanguinary, for our population is out of all proportion to the surface of our country. Here one might escape by going into the forests, but in England there is no such place of refuge. We are quiet here, thanks to Austria and Prussia, who have trodden out the first sparks of a Jacobin Press. You have heard much, no doubt, about the tumult at Frankfurt. It was entirely the work of Lafayette and his vagabond Poles and some hundreds of young men at the Universities. The people in general here are quiet and disposed to be so, for there is no real grievance: we pay next to nothing for customs and there is not such a thing as a turnpike in all Baden. It is a set of rascally Advocates without practise who make all

¹The sketch is not reproduced here as it was quite conjectural and much altered in the paper on the subject which Pearsall published later.

the noise. These employed themselves till lately in editing the revolutionary Gazettes, and now that the censorship of the press has deprived them of a profitable avocation and obliged them to wear frieze instead of broadcloth, they would fain make the world believe everything ought to be overturned in order that they might be reinstated in their old printing-shops and have free liberty to live by lying and slandering, and slake their thirst by evil-speaking. There is no such mischievous brute on earth as a needy lawyer!

P. S. Don't give copies of what I've sent you to anyone, because perhaps I may hereafter publish a little book on Ancient Psalmody.

The Gradual which Pearsall sent Mr. Ellacombe with the above letter was the fine 'Sederunt principles' for five voices and figured bass, written for the Feast of St. Stephen and published by Schott at Mainz in 1837. It is numbered 'Opus 7' and has recently been issued with English words by the Church Music Society. A 'Miserere mei Domine', a perpetual canon for three voices, had previously been published by Schott without date: Op. 2 to 5 do not seem to have appeared; op. 6 is a part-song for five voices 'Take O take those lips away', published in London, in 1830. Copies are extremely scarce. Lasso's 'Magnificat' (II) for six voices, edited by Pearsall, was published by Velten, at Carlsruhe, in 1833. The subject of the Nürnberg 'Jungfrau' (which, by the way, was not intended to represent the Blessed Virgin) interested Pearsall so much that he paid a second visit to Nürnberg to investigate it. The result of his researches appeared in a paper entitled "The Kiss of the Virgin: a narration of researches made in Germany during the years 1832 and 1834," which was printed in Vol. XXVII of 'Archæologia' (1838).

In 1833, Pearsall, wrote for private performance at Carlsruhe a little Ballet or Pantomime: "Die Nacht eines Schwärmers, Pantomisches Ballet in fünf Bildern, aus dem Leben gegriffen." The music of this has recently been found in private hands. The scenario is in my possession. In 1834 he published "Stray leaves from an Idler's Commonplace Book"—a little work of which so far only a single copy has come to light. In 1835 he published (at Schott's) a beautiful "Ave Verum," for four voices, Op. 8, which has lately been reprinted with an English adaptation.

II

CARLSRUHE, GERMANY, XV March, 1836.

My dear Ellacombe.

I write you this letter, as you will presently see, principally on my own account, and therefore I will beg you to set down to me whatever you may pay for its postage on the package of your answer to it. The

fact is that I want you to do me a little kindness and so I am going to bribe your good will with the chaunts on the other side. I wish also to add to them some remarks (which I have often wished I could communicate to you) on the construction of chaunts in general. But in order that my remarks may have due weight, let me tell you (and pardon the vanity which prompts me to do so) that I have obtained much reputation in Germany as a Contrapuntist. A Psalm for 5 voices which I published last year has been most favorably reviewed abroad, particularly a preface which occurs in it, and I was lately very much surprised in reading the Introduction to a new Dictionary of Music which is now being published at Stuttgart, to find that they had mentioned me as one of the most eminent English composers of the present day; and I was still more surprised yesterday to receive a letter from the Editor of this Dictionary requesting me to send him *data* for a biographical notice of me. You see therefore that I am a prophet out of my own country, though God knows I should never have been one *in it*. After this ebullition of egotism let me go on to the matter in hand:—I have lately been giving a good deal of attention to the chaunts published by Dr. Clarke of Hereford (you have his book) and I have come to a firm conviction that there is a great reform wanted in this department of Church Music. At the end of the last winter the Crown Prince of Bavaria had the goodness to let me take copies of some very old and beautiful Italian Music which the Pope had sent him out of the Pontifical Library at Rome. This music was extremely simple and extremely easy to sing, and although there was nothing in the voice parts taken separately which was calculated to fix the attention, yet together they formed a harmony of a most imposing character. Having studied this music with much delight, I happened to take up Dr. Clarke's Book of Chaunts one day and found, with some feeling of astonishment, that I could no longer bear many of these Chaunts which I had formerly heard with pleasure and which are still favorites with most of the amateurs of Church Music. In fact there were only a few by Tallis, Farrant, and one or two authors of the very old English School which seemed to me to be worthy of their place. The others appeared to want the simplicity and purity which is always the adjunct of a really pious mind. Now as soon as I discovered this I set about considering what could be the reason of it;—for there must be a reason for everything. So I sought out the characteristics of the *Old English Chaunts* and I find them to be these: 1st. That the melody of the chaunt lies in a very narrow compass. It *never* passes beyond the limits of a given octave, seldom beyond the sixth, and is most commonly confined to the first five notes of the scale of the key in which it may be composed (that is to say) if the key be C \sharp thus:



the melody will be found to be

made out of the first five notes of it. There is a great advantage in this. A melody thus constructed strains nobody's voice. One can sing it for hours without being tired, whereas a melody extending over the whole octave will produce a certain degree of weariness if applied to a long Psalm and if it extends over an octave or a half (as is the

case in some modern Chaunts) it becomes absolutely fatiguing. The Monks were cunning fellows. They had to sing every day Lauds and Matins, Vespers and Vigils, independently of Masses, and if their old chaunts had rambled like our new ones over an octave and a half every man of them would have bawled himself dead in less than two years. They therefore made there chaunts so as to be capable of being sung with the least possible labor and difficulty, and in doing so fitted them to the organ and capacity of every one who might be destined to sing them. 2dly. I find in the Old Chaunts a total absence of the chord of the seventh upon a Dominant bass, and of all its inversions. The only discords they admitted were the seventh in the second of the scale (*vide* No. 1 a.) and the fourth in the dominant (*vide* No. 2 b). The other discords were rejected as too weak and the seventh on the dominant bass particularly; because we cannot have a fifth in the succeeding chord if the intervals were strictly resolved. Of course I speak of music in four parts (*vide* over leaf for examples). I think the old masters were right in this. As a proof I have sent one or two of the newer chaunts altered to the way in which I think a good Composer of the 16th century would have written them.

No.1. Penitential. (*N.B.* The Bass is here the principal Melody).

No 2. Thanksgiving. (*N.B.* That which was the Bass of the foregoing Chaunt is here given to the Treble, but in another Tone).

Cantus firmus

Cantus firmus

(a) (b)

No.4. (*N.B.* The melody in the Discant here is the inversion of the Discant melody in the foregoing (No.3) Chaunt

No.3.

Cantus firmus

Cantus firmus

License. (*vide infra* *)

Cantus firmus

License. (*vide infra* *)

No. 5. No. 6. Cantus firmus

Cantus firmus

* Another version of No. 4 containing a stricter inversion of the concluding cadence of No. 3, but which is nevertheless inadmissible in Church Music such as ours.

[The blanks in the above are as in the original. The rest of the letter is missing.]

The 'Psalm for 5 voices' is evidently the Gradual 'Sederunt principes' published in 1832. Whistling's 'Handbuch' has no record of a Psalm published in 1835. The 'New Dictionary of Music' is G. Schilling's "Encyclopädie der gesammten musikalischen Wissenschaften," which appeared at Stuttgart in 1842. It contains an interesting account of Pearsall, which will be noticed later. The chaunts published by Dr. Clarke of Hereford are John Clarke-Whitfield's (1770-1836) "Selection of Single and Double Chants," in two volumes (no date).

In 1836 Pearsall returned to England and sold his Willsbridge property, which he had inherited on his mother's death. He remained in England for about a year, during which time he became much interested in the movement then going on for recognition of the Baronets as a branch of the nobility. On this subject

he published "A Few Remarks on the Position of the Baronets of Great Britain, by a Traveller" (1836), reprinted in 1837 as "The Position of the Baronets of the British Empire" and followed in 1833 by a "Letter to the Chairman of the Committee of Baronets." The last-named work was printed with alterations and interpolations which Pearsall resented. It was consequently suppressed by the author, but there is a copy in the British Museum Library containing numerous MS. notes from his pen. It was in 1837 that he began his long connexion with the British Madrigal Society, which was founded in consequence of a course of lectures given that year in Bristol by the Gresham Professor, Edward Taylor. On his return to Germany he presented an oak pulpit to his old parish church at Bitton.

III

CARLSRUHE, 14 March, 1838.

My dear Ellacombe.

Let me thank you for the long and interesting letter which you have written me and for the very neat drawing of a really beautiful pulpit which stands at the head of it. Its beauty is, however, something like that of many a shining insect—all very pretty until it pitches on you, and then admiration makes its exit. Oh, these matters of finance, they are horrible things! and to say the truth I was never less disposed to give than at the present moment. Yet for your sake and for that of a neighbourhood which will not go away from my heart, I will try to help you out of your difficulties. I cannot do it, however, all at once; for I am not just now flush with money and during the last two years I have been subject to pecuniary disagreeables to no small extent. . . .

I am very glad to hear that the Virgin is likely to come out and that the plates have been engraved. Touching this matter, I have a favor to ask of the Antiquarian Society and perhaps you would be kind enough to do what you can to get it granted for me. You must know that tradition says that in the Castle of Baden-Baden there existed formerly one of these machines, which was employed there by an ancestor of our reigning Grand Duke. Finding that this report annoyed him I undertook to whitewash the memory of his ancestor and have accordingly written in French a little book showing the impossibility of employing the Virgin on the spot where she is said to have received her prey. This has given great pleasure, not only to the Grand Duke but to his family, who have been almost prodigal of their attentions to my wife and daughters, so that I feel myself in duty bound to publish, the more especially as it may be the means of drawing their good will and interest towards my son when he goes into the Austrian Army. But I find myself exposed to a little difficulty, namely, that I cannot make myself clearly intelligible without plates. Now as the Antiquarian Society had already engraved all the plates which I should want, it strikes me that they would let me perhaps have 100 impressions or so—I, of course, paying for paper and striking off the impressions. Be so kind as to enquire whether this can be done. Mind, what I am about

to publish here is a *French* historical notice of Baden Castle, which will not at all interfere with what they have published.

If my request can be granted I should be most happy to work out the obligation and will send them two papers which I have been for some time getting up. 1. A description, with drawings, of a complete judicial torture chamber now existing at Ratisbon; and 2. An account of the German mode of managing the *Judicium Dei*, chiefly exemplified by drawings and notices of their combat with the great shield. This last will be a curious and interesting paper, because all the drawings are made after drawings in the Codices of Bakker, to be found in the Archives of the Bavarian family and that of Saxe Gotha. . . Remember me also to Captain Stratton and his lady. I am glad that you have found out their good qualities. . . It is droll enough, but perfectly to be expected that Capt. S. and the Lord of the Manor should have a tilt together. Both have been accustomed to dragoon the world and I hope that both will seek [?] amusement from the contest in which they are engaged. I am glad to hear *you* say that Willsbridge is improved, although it has been done (to make use of the Captain's own words) "at a powerful expense." I am glad that my suggestion with respect to your arms has been of use. With regard to my own, I will endeavor to send you an impression of the mode in which the Knights of Malta wear their escutcheons, so that you may have mine done *secundem artem*. I have worked very hard for the Hospitallers here in Germany and have done them perhaps some little good here, for I have got them—that is to say the British Language—acknowledged by the remnant of the Ancient German Language; so that you may now if you like call me 'Chevalier de Malte' on the back of the letters which you write to me abroad. You will laugh at this, and yet you have no idea how this sort of folly affects a man's progress in life on the Continent. . .

Believe me ever yours sincerely,

R. L. P.

The 'French historical notice of Baden Castle', alluded to in the above letter, does not seem to have been published, though the MS. is mentioned in the list of his library.

Pearsall's researches into the "*Judicium Dei*" were included in a paper contributed to the Society of Antiquaries: it is printed in Vol. XXIX of *Archæologia* (1840), but he seems to have done nothing further about the Ratisbon Torture Chamber. On July 22, 1837, Pearsall became a Knight of Justice of the revived Langue of the Order of Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. He took great interest in the fortunes of this revival, and the muni-ments of the Order contain a good many letters from him on the subject.

IV

CARLSRUHE, 4 July, 1838.

My dear Ellacombe.

With this letter you will receive three Books of Retzsch's etchings which Mrs. Ellacombe will perhaps do me the kindness to accept as a

souvenir of Germany. These are the only works of his that I can procure *here* and which merit attention on the score of originality. The plays of Shakespeare which he has illustrated are (as far as he is concerned) complete failures and are published at Leipsig. In the Faust you will find a recently published set of prints destined to illustrate the Second Part of that poem, which was published after Goethe's death and which I have not yet read. People say that it is not equal to the first part. Some of the plates appear to have been retouched by the engraver and to have been injured by it. I am sorry for this, because the impressions from them are not so clear as I could have wished. But it is almost impossible to get a good unblemished set of any of Retzsch's etchings at the present day—without indeed one happens to pick up with one of those first printed by him. . .

Herewith two madrigals. If Corfe is in England when this reaches you, be so good as to send them to him with the letters to himself and Mr. Bleek. But if C. has gone to fetch his wife home from Switzerland, then I will trouble you to remit the same to Mr. Bleek, who lives on Red-cliff Parade. He is a Surgeon; I believe you know him. Be so kind, however, as to seal the letters first in case they should not be sealed when they reach you. With best regards to all your circle.

Believe me ever yours sincerely,

R. L. P.

Mr. 'Corfe' of the above letter is John Davis Corfe (1804–1876) organist of Bristol Cathedral, who for many years conducted the Bristol Madrigal Society.

V

[The beginning is missing. Evidently written to the Rev. H. F. Ellacombe at the end of 1838 or the beginning of 1839.]

I ought to make you all sorts of apology for not having wished you a happy new year in the outset of my letter, and I hope when you write to me that I shall hear that you have finished the old year and begun the new one to your heart's content. Believe me that as often as I think of my old home, and that is not seldom, I walk from it to Bitton and visit the friends who have received me there so often and so kindly. Let me hope that Mrs. Ellacombe is now perfectly recovered and that Jane and Marianne are well and happy. I cannot forget the good nature with which they used to play my poor waltzes; it was a real inspiration to compose others. Pray tell them how affectionately I remember them and how much pleasure I shall have in seeing them, together with all your family, once more. Let me hope that you have acquired a good neighbour in Mr. Stratton. . . May I beg you to give him and Mrs. Stratton when you next see them my best compliments. . . By the papers I find that you have a smart winter on your side the water, but it is nothing to what we have here, where the thermometer is standing at 19° below zero of Reaumur, which is, I believe, below the ordinary gradation of English Thermometers. I forgot to say that if you would like to have a copy of the Madrigal which I sent to Mr. Corfe I will tell him to let you have one, although you had perhaps better wait until it is published, when you can have a copy without any trouble. If you have

not had my arms in the Church repainted yet, I will trouble you to make a slight addition to them, namely to put the 8-pointed cross behind them, thus: [a sketch]. This is the way in which the Hospitallers wore their arms previously to the French Revolution, and still continue to wear them; (Note: the arms should be white,) and in this manner one gets rid of the cross and ribbon which is sometimes worn below. If, however, you have already made the alteration which I proposed when I was last in England, there will be no need of again changing the thing and you can then keep the above sketch as a model and when you become yourself a Hospitaller you can put up your own arms after this fashion.

And now that I have written you this long letter I beg you to charge me with the postage of it, and sending the most affectionate regards to all your family entreat you to believe me to be

Very sincerely yours

R. L. P.

P. S. - - - Once more adieu.

In 1839 the orchestral parts of Pearsall's "Grosse charakteristische Ouverture zu Shakespeare's Macbeth als Einleitung zu den . . . Hexenchören" were published by Schott at Mainz. The full score has never been printed: it is preserved, with other incidental music to the play, in the library of the Monastery of Einsiedeln. In 1840 'Great God of Love,' 'The Hardy Norseman,' 'Take heed, ye Shepherd Swains,' 'I saw lovely Phillis,' 'Spring returns' and 'It was upon a Springtide-day' were published—the last-named only with the composer's initials. 'Lay a Garland' was written at Carlsruhe in the same year, but did not appear until later. In 1839 Pearsall contributed (anonymously) an amusing series of letters on music to Felix Farley's *Journal* (published at Bristol). They are entitled 'Cobbett's Letters to the Students of the Royal Academy of Music' and are aimed at Meyerbeer and his school—though this is left to the reader to discover. Several extracts from them were given in the *Musical Herald* for 1 Aug. 1906, but the whole series has never been reprinted. In the following letters there are many allusions to Pearsall's children. These were: (1.) Robert Lucas, who died in London, in 1865; (2.) Elizabeth Still, married at Paris, in 1839 to Charles Wyndham Stanhope, who in 1866 succeeded his cousin as seventh Earl of Harrington: she died in 1912; (3.) Philippa Swinnerton, married in 1857, to John Hughes: she died in 1917.

VI

CARLSRUHE, February 19th, 1840.

My dear Ellacombe:

You have, no doubt of it, been wondering at my not having answered your kind letters. The chief reason of it is this. A friend of mine

here, who nearly two months ago was on the point of going to England, offered to take anything which I might have to send thither, and he has been constantly delaying his departure in expectation of a letter which was to determine the day of it. But as this letter has not yet arrived I have made up my mind to wait no longer. . . . Now that I have got over the business part of my letter I will say something of my movements since we parted. I reached home in August last and found my son, about whom you are so good as to ask, arrived at Carlsruhe and expecting news of his commission there. Some days afterwards came a letter from Vienna summoning him to Debreczin in Hungary, there to receive his Lieutenancy in a Uhlan, or Lancer, Regiment. I was naturally anxious to see him properly equipped, and therefore we went together. This time instead of travelling by the usual landward route, I went to Ratisbon, and onward to Vienna by the steamboat on the Danube. Owing to the shallowness of the river at particular spots and to want of experience in the management of the Vessels, travelling by steam on the Danube is not as yet rendered very convenient, although anyone who can command his time may put up with the inconvenience of it in consideration of the beauties of the scenery which he will meet with *en route*. There is a sameness about the banks of the Danube, owing to the constant succession of pine forests which flourish there in great luxuriance; but with this abatement, the country is more picturesque than on the far-famed banks of the Rhine. Austria and upper Bavaria have been less constantly the theater of war than the Rhenish provinces, and therefore one finds the castles and churches, in the former countries, not ruined as they are on the Rhine. This serves to imprint on the scenery of the Danube an original, and to me very agreeable character; for one sees the country there much the same as it must have been two centuries ago. It is singular how government and religion will affect a country. An invisible line separates Bavaria from Austria, and yet the inhabitants on each side of it are perfectly distinct from each other in costume, habits and condition. Bavaria, notwithstanding it's being a Catholic country, has for some time had a tolerably free constitution; while Austria, as everybody knows, is a priest-ridden absolute monarchy. In Bavaria the people, although poor, are for the most part employed somehow or other, so that one meets with very few beggars. But at the first Austrian town we came to on the shore of the river, a totally new species of population presented itself. Here we were besieged by upwards of a dozen idiots and paupers all furnished with rosaries, begging for alms, and offering to pray for us in return for them. They all looked fat and happy and exercised their vocation under the noses of the police and custom-house officers.

It was odd enough to see how each of the village youths seemed anxious to give himself a military air. Each had on a cap cut as nearly as possible after the fashion of the undress cap of an officer, and only to be distinguished from it by a very slight peculiarity. Every Austrian commissioned officer wears in front of his cap a small rosette or rather button of black velvet with an *FR* (i.e. Ferdinand the First) embroidered on it in gold and surrounded by a gold circle. This no one but an officer is permitted to wear. But as the military profession stands before all others in Austria, there is a general desire, on the part of all shop-boys and clerks and young men of that sort, to approximate themselves to it

as much as they can; and therefore you will constantly meet them wearing the military cap with a rosette of dark purple or red, instead of black, and the initials marked in silk instead of gold. In fact, indolence, submissiveness, good-nature or a love of finery appeared to me to be the most easily discernible characteristics of the population, and these perhaps are due to the operation of the Catholic religion in a country where each hungry man may get a bowl of soup at the door of some monastery or other merely at the expense of saying an *Ave* before a tawdily gilt and painted image of the Virgin.

On arriving at Lintz, where the boat stopped for the night, I had a pretty good proof of the privileges which are accorded to the military. We had 50 or 60 passengers on board, some of them people of title, but my son was the only officer. All the others were detained and rather severely examined at the Custom-house, but on production of his passport they let *him* pass his baggage, merely requiring his *parole d'honneur* that there was nothing contraband in it. The next day we went on to Vienna, with a great number of passengers, many of whom were military, and it amused me to observe the easy way in which they all got acquainted with each other. The military salutation of 'God greet you' seemed to have a sort of talismanic effect in putting them at ease together; still, as in every community, there are degrees of intimacy, so it was here, for the cavalry officers were on better terms with each other than the infantry officers. If two cavalry officers spoke together the conversation was carried on by means of the second pronoun singular, *thou* (or *Du*), but if a cavalry officer conversed with an infantry officer he generally employed the third person plural, *they* (or *Sie*), which is an element of politeness serving to establish a certain distance between two parties who talk to each other. It was also singular to observe the difference of deportment in the Hungarians and the Austrians. The former are a much finer race than the others, and from their being brought up with a high idea of their constitutional privileges (which are certainly very great), they walk about as if they were masters of the Creation.

We staid only one night at Vienna, where my boy took advantage of the military privilege of going to the Opera in uniform for the small sum of six Kreutzers—equal to about twopence half penny of English money. On the next day we started for Hungary by the steamboat. But our embarkation was most inconvenient. Opposite to Vienna the Danube is intersected by many islands and over one of them at least eight or nine hundred yards broad we had to march on planks (for the weather was very bad) almost as slippery with the rain as if they had been soaped. However, we got on board at last and went to Presburg. Seven or eight years ago this was one of the cheapest towns in Europe, but now, owing to the sittings of the Diet being established there and to the steam navigation on the Danube, the price of everything has been tripled. It rained so that we could not stir out, and the next morning we went on to Pesth. There were several persons of great distinction on board the boat, but they were all dressed in their very worst clothes so that we did not find them out at first. I had the honor of sitting for some time next to a Princess Esterhazy without being aware that she was any better than a shopkeeper's wife. However, say what one will about the barbarism of the country, no one who has travelled in it can hesitate to admit that the

higher classes of the Aristocracy there are a fine noble set of people, preserving to themselves great originality of character and much of that frankness and hospitality which distinguished the nobility of the Middle Ages. At the commencement of the evening when we were approaching Pesth, I lost sight of my son, and on looking after him I found him in conversation with an old man in a shocking bad hat, who came up to me and said that he had learnt that Robert was going to join his regiment at Debreczin, and as he himself was going there he should be only too happy to give my son half his carriage. I hesitated to accept the offer until it was again pressed so frankly that I could not refrain from answering in the affirmative. He then gave me his address and we separated. As soon as he was gone, I asked my son how he came to pick acquaintance with his new friend. "Why," said he, "I was standing on the deck looking at some young men rowing a boat. They were so handsome and clean-grown that I could not help saying 'Well, I'll be hanged if the Hungarians are not a fine race of people.'" As I spoke the words I turned round and found at my elbow the old man whom you saw, who immediately entered into conversation with me, enquired where my regiment was, and having heard that I belonged to the Fourth Uhlans, said that they were quartered in his neighbourhood, and not only offered me a seat in his carriage, but gave me a very warm invitation to come and see him." As soon as we landed and had established ourselves in our hotel, I took the old man's card to our landlord and asked who he was. He turned out to be a personage of very great importance, holding the office of *Obergespan* (equivalent to that of High Sheriff with us) in the County of Zathmar. The next morning he came to call on us in a coach and four, but so much improved in dress that I hardly knew him again. We found him extremely agreeable and interesting. He was a Baron Veschend, one of the old school, well-educated and speaking not only French, German and Hungarian, but Serbian, Wallachian, Croat and three or four other languages which are spoken in back settlements of his country. He gave me a great deal of information about the government and political state of Hungary, and by his account the Austrians are playing a deep game for the purpose of destroying its constitution. My son set off with him the next day and arrived safely at his destination on the third day afterwards. I staid behind for a day or two and employed it in seeing the lions of the place.

Pesth is an extensive, newly-built, city, standing right opposite to the old fortress of Buda (or Ofen, as it is now called), which was made the capital of the country and a city of great importance. It is now, however, only interesting in regard [to] the historical events connected with it. A half-ruined octagon church-tower of the 15th century was the only vestige that I could discover there of Gothic architecture, unless indeed it be a part of the town wall, which from its massiveness and rudeness I should suppose to be very ancient. The construction of it was singular in one respect, namely, that all the counterforts were built outwards. I observed that the wall of Gran (another old city on the Danube) was built in the same way, and I think I remember seeing (but I don't know where) a drawing of some city in the East where the walls were constructed after a similar fashion. Nothing shows the complete ruin inflicted on Hungary by the Turks in their different invasions more

than the absence of ancient buildings. The only entire building which I met with there which had any claim to antiquity was a church at Presburg, and that did not go back further than the year 1496. In Pesth everything is modern, and although built on a grand scale, solidity has been too little attended to. This was proved by the late inundation, which swept away many of the largest houses. It appears to me to have been a great act of folly to have built a city on the spot at all, for the water rose (during the event to which I have adverted) more than ten feet above the level of the streets, and although such a visitation as this may not happen more than once in fifty years, yet others only inferior in degree will certainly happen much oftener and do a great deal of harm. On the day of our arrival there arrived also an English engineer of the name of Clarke, who is going to throw a suspension-bridge across the Danube. If he succeeds he will make his fortune.

I left Pesth some days after my son, and in leaving it I seemed to have left European civilization behind me. The thing called a diligence in which I was obliged to travel was nothing more than just such a waggon as I suppose the Scythians might have used in the time of Alexander the Great. We got on, however, pretty well, with six small horses, rum ones to look at, but good ones to go; and this you will believe me when I tell you that with such horses we more than once travelled a stage equal to a good thirty English miles without stopping.

The common horses of the country are all small, scarcely larger than ponies, but they are tough and full of courage, and capable of tiring down finer-looking animals. From Pesth to Gaddila, a distance of about twenty miles, the road was tolerable, but shortly afterwards we came out on a heath where there was no road at all, or rather where there were fifty or sixty made, *ad libitum*, by the carriages of different travellers. Here one travels by directing one's course according to landmarks: the country in this spot, is as flat as a millpond. There is one level stretch of ground out to the very verge of the horizon. I saw the sun rise on the horizon of these plains: the effect was just such as it is out at sea. All this is novel to a stranger who will be interested by finding here, not only a new character in the country, but a climate, vegetation, men, beasts, fowls and fishes all differing from those of his own country. On the second day of our journey, after crossing the river Thais [Theiss], we entered one of these plains (or Wustas, as they are called in Hungarian) where there were a great quantity of barrows like those on the Wiltshire downs; some large and some small, extending irregularly over an immense space. We travelled over this plain from 10 o'clock in the morning till 9 in the evening, without meeting with a tree or a house except two farms built for the express purpose of enabling people to change horses. In the distance were immense droves of cattle, swine and horses, apparently wild, and nearer to us a great variety of birds such as I have never seen before. They were small birds in comparison to our English heron and not at all like it. Here too were many black storks and other birds which one reads of as belonging to the East. Here also I saw for the first time the *mirage* of the desert. No illusion can be more perfect: I could have sworn that it was a lake until I came near to it. At length we arrived at Debreczin, where my son's regiment was quartered for the purpose of manoeuvring. This is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, with all

the characteristics of a village. Long streets with one-story-high houses with gardens are everywhere to be seen. Five or six churches and a university built with funds which were inadequate to complete them shew a scarcely successful attempt on the part of the government to give the features of a city to that which would else pass for a great struggling collection of houses. And yet the inhabitants are rich and said to carry on an extensive inland commerce. They are, for the most part, Calvinistic Protestants of a most bigoted character, thinking it sinful to go into society for the purposes of amusement, and, of course, still more sinful to enter a Tavern. The consequence of this is that there is no good inn to be found there. I put up at the best, and bad enough it was. Fleas so numerous and powerful that I was obliged to sleep in my clothes on the sofa, and bugs almost as big as kidney-beans. One great disadvantage affecting the place is that there is no stone in the neighbourhood, not even gravel. The soil is a light earth, full of saltpetre, which, under the influence of a hot sun falls abroad into a fine impalpable dust which the least wind scatters about in clouds. It rained hard all of one night while I was there and the next morning there was on the puddles in the road a perfect scum of saltpetre. This is in point of fact a part of the country from which that material is obtained in great abundance.

On the day after my arrival I rejoined my son, paid my respects to his Colonel and the General of Inspection and proceeded to equip him. One thing which struck me much was the dearthness of horses here in a country which I had been taught to believe abounded with them, but this is not so. The small cart-horses are plenty enough, but I was obliged to pay £50 a piece (which in this country is equal to £150 a piece) for the two horses with which my son was obliged to furnish himself. He is in a very fine regiment, one of the best in the Austrian service. The men are nearly all Poles drawn out of Galicia. The officers are of all nations. There are amongst them seven Hungarians, five Poles, three Spaniards, one Swiss, two French Carlists, an Englishman, a Croat and a Turk, besides Bohemians, Germans and Italians, so that one may learn all languages there. However, they are a superb corps, 1600 strong, the common men being the best horsemen I have ever seen, using their lances with great dexterity. Amongst other things they manage (when at full speed) to dart them by an impulse of the foot 30 or 40 yards with great force and precision, picking them up again as they go by. But however well this may set forth their bodily ability as light cavalry, there can be no doubt that their minds are as uncultivated as they well can be. Take an example. My boy had a servant assigned to him who is really an intelligent fellow, and on his first appearance the following dialogue took place between him and his master. Q. "What's your name?" A. "Polaski!" "What's your country?" "Poland!" "North or South?" "I don't know." "Where is the village in which you were born?" "I can't tell you, but if I were at Lemberg I could find my way there." "Have you a father and mother?" "I don't know; I had both six years ago, but as they were old perhaps they are dead—I had two sisters also, probably they are living." "Can you read and write?" "No." Another mark of barbarism is the punishment of flagellation which takes place for every slight breach of duty. At a certain review one day there was a man who had his accoutrements dirty. He was ordered to the rear, a bundle of hazel sticks were

then brought and two were chosen just thick enough to enter the muzzle of a carbine. These were given to two Corporals who laid the man across a bench, and gave him, *par derrière*, twenty-five as good blows as one would wish to see inflicted. I took it for granted that the fellow would be ill for a week. But, much to my astonishment, he got up at the conclusion of his punishment, shook his feathers, mounted his horse and rode back into the line as if nothing had happened. When I expressed my surprise to an officer he replied: "Oh! those fellows don't mind it. In their infancy they are thrashed by their parents, as boys they are thrashed by their agricultural masters, as young men they are thrashed by their village magistrates, and when they come here, if they were not to be thrashed they would think that they had lost one of the elements of their nationality."

My son was very well received on entering the regiment. He found there two or three of his Engineer Academy comrades and a great many officers who had been educated at that school, so that there was the usual good disposition towards him which is created by such an event. The herald's certificate which I took with me relative to the descent from Edward I was very useful. On the strength of it he has been registered amongst and allowed the privileges of the Austrian aristocracy, and when he left Debreczin for Grosswardein (where the Staff of the regiment is quartered) he was introduced by the Colonel to the celebrated miracle-working Prince Hohenlohe, who received him with much courtesy. This Prince created at one time much sensation, and seemed disposed to lend his influence to the Priesthood in regaining for it some abrogated privileges, when he suddenly received from the Emperor a nomination to the Bishopric of Grosswardein *with a peremptory command to do no more miracles*. This is how Catholic priests are treated under an absolute government and by an 'Apostolical' monarch. Since then, he (the Prince) has lived in quiet magnificence, giving dinners and *balls* (my boy led off one of them) and spending his large income with great liberality. By the way, the incomes of the Hungarian Catholic clergy are most enormous. Our Prelates are poor devils compared with them. Fancy the Primate of Hungary having £100,000 sterling a year and the Archbishop of Erlau £60,000 sterling a year in a country where money is worth three times as much as in England. Another thing worthy of remark is the great and ever undisguised contempt with which the military officers speak of the Clergy all over Austria. I said to some of them who were running down the priesthood: "If your Clergy are so false and stupid and preach such nonsense as you pretend, why don't you turn Protestant?" The answer which I received was this: "Oh that would be like running away from our standards. No! there can be no doubt that your form of religion is the most reasonable one, but we won't change ours for all that, because we can believe as much of it as is consistent with common sense and reject the rest!"

After I left my son he went to the Staff of the regiment and staid there till December, when he was sent to a cantonment (Nagy-Mitenè) at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains. In his last letter he says that he often finds the track of wolves at his stable-door; so one may suppose that the country is pretty wild. These creatures descend into the villages (when the snow is on the ground) during the night, and if

they can find an open or badly fastened cattle-shed, all within it becomes their prey. All this is fine fun for the young men, who get up wolf-hunts by moonlight and often shoot these animals as well as bears.

I am afraid that I have almost tired your patience, so I will endeavor to bring my letter to a close. I have written two new Madrigals, which I will send over by an opportunity which will occur in April, as well as a collection of Psalms and Chants for yourself. I have chosen them out of tunes most in vogue amongst the Reformers. My motive in making this collection arose out of the fact of there being an absolute want of such a thing in our Church. At Baden and at Mannheim Psalm Books were sent for to England, with the intent of rendering them auxiliary to Divine Service at the former places. Two books came back, very handsomely bound and printed under the direction of London organists, professing to be the tunes most in use in the churches and fashionable chapels of the Metropolis. But the manner in which they were got up both as to taste and art was utterly disgraceful. When I send you my collection I shall perhaps ask you to help me with the words, and if we can find an Editor perhaps we may bring it out together. I will explain the thing further to you when I send the MS. What has been the fate of my paper on the German Trial by Battle? From what you said in one of your letters I am almost tempted to fear that it has not given satisfaction. I shall have another soon ready on the Town Hall at Ratisbon. And now let me express a hope that Mrs. Ellacombe and your dear girls are all well. I have thought of you often, both in cheerfulness and sorrow, since we last parted, for I have had much to afflict me. Away from one's country as I am, it is always consoling to live in the memory of one's friends.

Believe me, most sincerely yours,

R. L. PEARSALL.

P. S.—You say you have a note for me from one Trollope. It is from Mrs. Trollope the Authoress. Save it as I should be glad of her autograph. I dare say that shortly I can point out the means of communicating it to me. By the bye if in the note you write to Baron de Palm you would ask him to send you his address you might send me the letter from Mrs. T. *by him* together with the letter by Cobbett on Music.

The Prince Hohenlohe referred in the above letter was Prince Alexander Hohenlohe - Waldenburg - Schillingfürst (1794–1849), whose 'miracles' consisted in healing by prayer. They created a great stir about 1821 till he was forbidden by Pius VII to continue the practise. Pearsall is not correct in saying that at this date (1840) he was Bishop of Grosswardein, nor that the command to do no more miracles came from the Emperor. In 1840 he was Generalvicar of Grosswardein: he succeeded to the see in 1844. The 'paper on the German Trial by Battle' was communicated to the Societies of Antiquaries on 20 February, 1840: it is printed in Vol. XXIX of 'Archaeologia' as 'Some Observations on Judicial Duels in Germany.'

VII

CARLSRUHE, GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN,
Friday, 11 Dec. 1840.

My dear Ellacombe:

Thank you for your kind letter. Let me answer it by referring in the first place to those which have arrived for me at Bitton. I have had so much ill luck lately that I almost fear to open any letter that comes to me, lest it should be the harbinger of misfortune. Be so good however as to open them. If there be any amongst them which require an answer either as regards business or civility I will ask you to do me the kindness of writing a few words in reply just to state that I was not in England when they arrived; and that I was obliged to start before I expected.

I have told Jane in a short letter which I have written to her that I hoped to have sent, in my present packet, a translation of a very popular German story. I meant it to be offered to one of the periodicals and to give what could be got for it towards the new church at Jeffries Hill. At a future period I shall certainly send it, therefore think in the meantime of a good way of approaching a likely editor. I am much obliged to Henry for the information he gives me relative to the Statutes of the University, give him in return my thanks and kindest remembrances. As I understand the extracts which have been sent me, it seems as if a set of Statutes had been prepared by the Archbishop of Cant. under the patronage and with the encouragement of Car. II. These were probably made previously to the year 1676, when Logan published his book. But where are they? The present published Statutes are, I think, more modern; first, because they do not agree with Logan's book inasmuch as they give *no* dress to the *Equites*, and secondly because that part of them which Henry extracted for my use was couched in more inconclusive and ambiguous terms than the Oxford logicians of 17th century were accustomed to employ in any solemn act. The present statutes were certainly made by no lawyer either civil or common. It is said of the Statute of Frauds that you may drive a coach of six through it, so badly constructed are its provisions. [End missing.]

The 'Henry' of the above letter is Henry Nicholson, the son of the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe. After taking orders he succeeded his father as Vicar of Bitton and became a Canon of Bristol: he died in 1915. 'Logan's book' is the 'Analogia Honorum' of Captain John Logan, published in 1679 (not 1676, as Pearsall states).

VIII

CARLSRUHE, GERMANY, 30 Sept. 1841.

My dear Ellacombe:

I owe an abundance of thanks to Mrs. Ellacombe and yourself and to Jane also, for the letters which you have written to me; for they are amongst the few which give me pleasure to read. In compliance with your request I have written the letter on the other side and have separated it from this under an idea that owing to some rule of the Society

it might be requisite to send such a letter there with the paper to which it relates. It is a curious thing that there should be in the Cathedral of Armagh any arms similar to those in question, because the system of quartering sixteen bearings did not come into vogue till about the Middle of the 15th century, and at that time Ireland must have been very barbarous and hardly much accustomed to study the regulations of continental heraldry even at a much later time.—I like Jane's design for the altar-cloth. It will be very handsome if the colors are happily managed. She must not go to work on it till she has made a large rough drawing, with such an arrangement of color as she means to use. She will be thus the better able to judge of the effect of the thing. I doubt myself whether blue will go well on a black ground. In Heraldry it is a bad juxtaposition; both colors being sombre and therefore incapable of such a contrast as may be seen at a distance. Scarlet and black is better, but I do not like the scarlet cross in the centre. The form is unusual and not elegant. St. George's cross . . . as a centre point, would be better, or still better would be one of those old Gothic crosses such as are to be found on roofs of churches or on the gravestones of Ecclesiastics in the 14th century (there is one I think on the tomb of Emmote de Hastings), but best of all in my humble opinion would be the Lamb and banner wrought in the centre. I don't think I would have anything in the corners. The simpler these things are the better, unless one can hit on anything *apropos*. I thought of putting the arms of Gloucester, Salisbury, Button and Newton into the corners—the two first with mitres over them should be in the upper corners, the two last in the lower ones and reversed, to show the extinction of the races, thus [a sketch]: but I am very doubtful whether they will look well. If the Lamb is put into the middle it should be made larger and more important than the arms, which are but accessories. If you have a cross for a centre point, silver (or black) will be better than red; only silver tarnishes so soon. But why not have the cross in gold? Especially since the outward border is to be gold. Consult Mr. Barker on this matter: he has more knowledge on these subjects than all of us put together.—Dodridge on Nobility is a book which I have been looking after for the last 4 or 5 years. I should like much to see it—even to republish it, with a commentary. If you do not particularly want it, I should be very glad to have it, but I know no means at present of getting it over here. If any friend of yours were coming over to Paris or anywhere else on this side of the water it might be sent to me by the Mail-post. If you know anyone in London who is acquainted with the Rothschilds, they could (and I daresay would) convey it to their house at Frankfurt, from whence it might be sent on to me. If you don't like to part with it, I will beg you to lend it to me. I much want to see it.

Now that I am on this subject let me ask you, leisure permitting, to give a look into the State Trials and see when it first became the practice to address a petty jury as "*Gentlemen of the Jury*." I think an enquiry into the origin and progress of this style of title would be interesting. I am inclined to think that gentlemen were formerly tried by Juries of Gentlemen, and that for the purpose of ensuring their condemnation in trials for treason and political offenses during the Protectorate, common juries, who might be more effectively threatened, were substituted for the others. Sir F. Drake was tried by a jury of Gentlemen, so were several

others about his time, and I cannot think that the term 'Gentlemen' could have been formerly applied to such fellows as often compose the petty jury at Quarter Sessions and who must have been even more rude and ignorant a hundred years ago. Perhaps Henry if he has time will look up this point for me. I know no other source of information than the State Trials.

Have you seen Sir Harris Nicholas's book on Knighthood? What is thought of it? The *United Service Gazette* quotes the introductory chapter at some length, which is brimful of ignorance and error and of sycophancy into the bargain. I have made up my mind to the fact that the King has no exclusive right of conferring Knighthood, except in favor of such as are not gentlemen; but I can prove both by law and circumstance that all Knights have (as incidental to their dignity) the indefeasible right of communicating it to anyone who *is* a gentleman born; and this right was acted on throughout the *German Empire* up to the time of the French Revolution. I have collected some amusing facts on this subject. I have also been noting some curious particulars relative to the terms on which William the Conqueror was accompanied and assisted by his followers, which show clearly that the greater part of them were not his subjects and that they exercised regal jurisdiction over their estates for some years after their settlement in England; and I am sure that the basis of our Constitution is rather to be sought for in the original contract between William and his independent coadjutors than even in *Magna Charta* itself. But what a scene of iniquitous encroachment both on the part of suzerain and vassal!

Try to get me subscribers for the costumes—I will inform myself about the price in England and communicate it to you. I like the plan of the Motet Society and shall subscribe, but I am afraid that there is no one amongst them who understands enough about the sea which they are navigating to be able to take the helm. Many of the authors which they intend to bring forward did little honor to the art which, before the time of Dr. Tye, was woefully in the background in comparison with the music which was produced in Flanders, Italy and Germany. Tallis seems to have brought the English School, *per saltum*, to a level with those of the Continent. All who preceded him and Tye were but rude workmen.

I should like to have a copy of the Dennis pedigree. Is not there one in Burke's *Commoners*? By the bye, what an ignorant wretch he is! I have been reading his *Extinct Peerages*, which would be a very interesting work were not one disgusted with his subserviency to the powers that be, to say nothing of his freedom from all knowledge of law and legal consequences. The fellow has written the book, not with a wish to speak the truth, but with a desire of making it saleable by flattering all parties, Kings, Lords and Commons, consistently with the prejudices of the time.

. . . Adieu and believe me ever, Yours affectionately,

R. L. P.

P. S. . . I wish you would enquire whether Glanvil (an old law book written in Latin—also translated) is to be had. If it is not very dear I should be thankful if you could pick me up a copy—also of *Britton*—a law-writer of less ancient date. I should like the translation because I can read it faster, and if that is not to be had then the original will do.

[Annexed to the foregoing:]

CARLSRUHE, 30th Sept. 1841.

Dear Ellacombe:

When you read the Paper on the *Arms of Our Saviour*, be so good as to send it to Sir H. Ellis for the Royal Society of Antiquaries. In one of my former letters I requested you to ask in my name for the usual number of copies of the Article on *Duels in Germany*. When it comes out, do not forget to mention my desire in the proper quarter.

My compliments to Sir H. Ellis when you see him, and believe me ever,

Sincerely yours,

R. L. PEARSALL.

'Dodridge on Nobility' is evidently Sir John Doddridge's 'Honor's Pedigree'; published at London in 1652.

'Sir Harris Nicholas's book on Knighthood,' which Pearsall censures so severely, is the "History of the Orders of Knighthood," published in 1841-2. 'The costumes', for which Mr. Ellacombe is asked to get subscribers, is Hefner-Alteneck's "Trachten des Christlichen Mittelalters" which appeared from 1840 to 1854. The 'Motet Society' was founded in 1841, chiefly owing to William Dyce, R. A. Its object was to print ancient church music adapted to English words and the musical editing was done by Dr. Rimbault. Three parts appeared, after which the publication stopped. The work is not of much value and its accuracy is quite unreliable. In the postscript, reference is made to the law-books of Glanvil and Britton. The first is the "Tractatus de Legibus" of Ranulphus de Glanvilla, the earliest edition of which is ascribed to 1555. Britton on the Laws of England appeared in 1540. The Paper 'On the Arms of Our Saviour' which Pearsall offered to the Society of Antiquaries, had a rather curious history. It was not accepted by the Society and seems to have been sent to the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* where it remained until 1860, in the December number of which year it was printed as 'Coat Armour ascribed to Our Saviour', but without the author's name, which appears to have been lost or mislaid. The identification of the article with Pearsall's paper has only been made recently.

IX

CARLSRUHE, 14 Nov. 1841.

Dear Ellacombe:

My memory is so bad that I cannot remember whether I communicated to you in my last letter a scrap of information which I picked up the other day; therefore, I will run the risque of telling it to you twice again. But first I must call to your recollection an old square vane which formerly belonged to Barr's Court and afterwards stood on Minsbury Farm where it now is deposited. I am almost sure that you

have seen it, but if not, I may describe it by saying that it is of iron, almost two feet square, and made so as to represent, as on a banner, the crest of the Newton family, once very superbly gilt. Well! I was reading some weeks ago St. Pelaye's *Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, and I met (at p. 308, pt. iv., vol. 1) with the following passage: "Les créneaux et les tours qui servaient à la défense des châteaux, en marquaient aussi la noblesse; mais les gentilshommes seuls avaient le privilège *de parer des girouettes le faite de leurs maisons*" (which means, I suppose, that a man who was noble without being a gentleman born was not allowed to stick up a weathercock on his house-top). "La forme de ces signaux *indiquait les divers grades de ceux à qui les maisons appartenaient*: figurés en manière de pennons, ils désignaient les Chevaliers; taillés en bannières, ils désignaient les Bannerets." Now the ancient Banneret was a Seigneur paramount who had manors and enough to enable him to bring into the field a certain number of men-at-arms. This number does not seem to be well agreed on, but some authors rate it at fifty. Whoever could ride with the proper number (whatever it might be) at his back, had a right to display a *square banner*; whereas, if he numbered less than that number he could only carry a pennon [sketch] on his lance. That the distinction existed in England is very clear from a story which Froissart tells of John of Chandos, who having, on the eve of a battle, received news that he had inherited a great estate, cut off the pointed ends of his pennon and made it into a (square) banner. Now I think that all this tends to prove that the Newtons were Bannerets. Certainly they were powerful enough, if all be true that is related of their possessions and house-keeping. So that perhaps you may like to note the above-quoted passage as german to the fact of their having a banner-shaped weathercock on their mansion-house.

On the other side I have written a letter, such as you desire, about the paper for the Society of Antiquaries. As I have already mentioned to Sir H. Ellis my intention to send the paper, I will beg you to write him a few lines explanatory of its having remained so long in your hands, because I begged him to mention the subject of it to Mr. Hallam, in order that he might be induced to alter a passage in his work on the Middle Ages, which gives a very false idea of the ancient English gentry. Thank you for the Dennys pedigree. If you will turn to p. 611 of your Rudder's History of Gloucestershire you can carry it on a descent further. Rudder gives two monumental inscriptions by which it appears that John Dennis (aged 16 in 1623) married Maria, daughter and co-heir of Nathaniel Still of Hutton, eldest son of the Bishop and had by her four children, Henry, John, William and Margaret; and that William married the daughter and heiress of Sir John Cotton, Co. Huntingdon, Bart. Note also that Cicily Dennis married William *Guise* of Elmore, not William *Georges* of Elmore, as stated in the pedigree. (I know this by the Guise pedigree which Mr. Pulman sent me.) The William Dennis who married Miss Cotton had a son who died an infant and two daughters, and I think that one of these was the Mrs. Mary Butler who sold the house at Pucklechurch to Woolerough.

Thank you also for the notice of the Motet Society. I think that I ought to belong to it and will thank you to get my name put down. Perhaps you would have the kindness to write in my name to the Rev.

G. S. Woodgate and ask him whether the Committee wish to publish any particular works of continental composers, because I have access to the Imperial Library at Vienna and to the Library at Munic, as well as to those of Mr. de Kiesewetter and the Rev. Mr. Hauber (Chaplain to the King of Bavaria), and thus I have the means of getting copies of any of the MSS. there deposited at a much smaller expense than they could be had if the application came directly from England, and I should be very happy to give them the benefit of any credit which I may have in those quarters, provided they want anything which may be difficult to be had elsewhere. Be so good also as to mention to the Secretary that for the last two years I have busied myself with a collection of ancient Psalms and Chants, which I intend to publish as soon as I have traced of all of them to their source—and beg him on my part to request the Committee not to publish in the meantime anything of *the same kind* so as to forestall my book, because it will contain much that has cost me both labor and travel to collect. You may tell him that I am a composer better known on the Continent than in England, where I am nevertheless known to Mr. Edward Taylor and some others. Say also that I should like to address some observations on ancient music to the Committee and ask whether I can do so through him, the Secretary. Put down my name 'R. L. Pearsall of Willsbridge.' I keep up this designation to distinguish myself from a singer of my name who has been making a noise in the world. If you notice my Maltese addition, it must be thus: 'J. O. Eq.' Find out if you can whether the Secretary knows anything about music, so that you may be able to tell me a little about him. On looking once more at the advertisement I see that the subscription-list is to close on the first of this month, but perhaps as I am out of England the Committee will make an exception in my favor.

I am glad to hear that Henry occupies himself with drawing. Perhaps the Camera lucida is improved since my time, but it used to be a very fatiguing means of effecting it's object; it strained the sight so. But yet I believe that it is good for getting in accurately the points of perspective. I should be very much obliged to him for anything that he may be able to dig up for me at Oxford. My own son is still in Hungary and expects every day his promotion to First Lieutenant. He is at present at a place called Matytarosgazagam. I can't find it on the map, so I suppose it must be some obscure village, of which there are plenty in that country. . . .

I am very much obliged to you for letting me have Dodridge. I have never heard of Brydal's book, but I have no doubt that it is in harmony with the others: I should like to have a look at it. I have just received some numbers of the book on costume. You will like them much. I shall contrive to send you some of them by the Yates', who will return to England in January next. I am glad the dear girls are getting about a little. It will be variety for them, and one always gets more or less rusty by staying long at home. They will see the world a little and will, I have no doubt, profit by what they see.

What a calamity at the tower! Bad as it was, it is well that it was no worse.

I expect to have another paper ready for the Antiquaries soon. I will send it to you direct, since there seems to be some advantage or

agreeable consequence resulting to the person who hands anything of the kind over to the Society.

How is Mrs. Ellacombe? you do not say anything about her in your last letter. I conclude therefore that all goes on well. Do not fail to give her my best regards and to remember me most kindly to all at Bitton. I am curious to know what sort of a reception "*Othelo*" has met with and whether the ladies think it a good story for a winter's evening. I hope the altar-cloth goes on prosperously and that I shall see it in its place. At any rate we shall leave behind us the marks of our existence in one place or another, which is a sort of consolation amongst the troubles which surround us.

Believe me, dear Ellacombe,

Ever yours affectionately,
R. L. P.

There is not much in the above letter which requires elucidation. 'Brydal', a book by whom Mr. Ellacombe seems to have mentioned, was John Brydal, who published several works in the 17th century. The 'calamity at the tower' was the great fire on October 31, 1841, when the armoury and many other buildings at the Tower of London were destroyed. 'Othelo' (as Pearsall spells it here) was evidently the 'very popular German story,' the translation of which is mentioned in Letter VII. I have not been able to identify the original.

X

CARLSRUHE, April 26, 1842.

My dear Ellacombe:

This morning I received Mr. Poole's letter with your initials on the back of it. All was right inside. Some days previously your letter of the 22nd of March arrived. So Fox has given notice to quit. I should like to know how much money he has laid out on the house! You remember no doubt his first proposal for me to lay out £10 on the chimney, he being about to expend *many pounds*, which ended in my laying out nearly a year's rent, having (as an inducement thereto) the probability of his remaining many years held out to me. "Cunning dogs, they Methodists," as an old Kingswood man once said to me, "cuss 'em, they be as deep as Pile-Mash Pit!" And now that I am talking of localities, let me tell you whilst I remember it, that I stumbled the other day on an old map of Gloucestershire by Bloome, A. D. 1717, where *Bridge Gate* near Warmley is called *Branch-Gate*, which seems to me to be likely to be the true name, for I could never make out any *bridge* in the vicinity. But to return to the house in Lodge Street. Things have turned out most unluckily there. Nash (the young one) has written to me that he has paid the rent into my banker's hands, but he tells me at the same time that he and his father became bankrupt lately and that their dividend will be so small that he does not think it will be worth while for me to send over a power of attorney to prove a debt of £50 which I lent them four years ago, and at the same time asks me to lend him £25 more out of the rent that is coming due. I am afraid that I shall be obliged

to comply, for the Nashes are distant relations of mine and there is a large helpless family without a stiver of property. It is a dreadful case. When I first remember the father he was getting a large income and living luxuriously to the last penny of it, and now in the winter of his days comes hardships and distress and the world's scorn that always waits on poverty. . . .

I am delighted to hear that Othello made so good an impression. You never mentioned it's fate before your last letter. I should be very glad if they would take it into Blackwood, for I have another and a better tale in store. It is taken from the history of Wurtemberg in the beginning of the last century, when the Duke of that country surprised everybody by choosing for his Minister a Jew named Suess, who exhibited his talents for government under every form of rascality. At length the people discovered that an agreement had been made with Austria to change the established form of religion from Protestant to Catholic. On this they rose in rebellion and hanged the Jew on an iron gallows, which yet remains standing, I believe, in honor of his memory. If you have an opportunity, stir up the bookseller's memory about Othello. If he won't take it perhaps some other will.

With regard to the Motet Society I should be glad to have the answer to your letter whenever it arrives, but I have not much hope that I may find favor in the eyes of the Revd. Secretary: I should get on better perhaps with Cherubini or Spohr. What I am rather anxious about is that the Society should not publish any Psalm Book so as to forestall mine. I have finished the Preface. Our parson here says it is interesting. I will send it to you by the first opportunity. I flatter myself that I have thrown a new light on the history and theory of chanting. *Nous verrons!* I should like to see Bridall's book on Knighthood. The subject is not at all understood. Sir H. Nicholas, who has written lately on it, has in many instances fallen into gross error; and indeed all authors of modern times have written with a spirit of subserviency to the Crown which has utterly distorted the truth. Since I have taken up the subject of titles of honor nothing has disgusted me so much as the baseness with which lawyers and authors of all kinds ever since the reign of Henry VII have endeavored to disfigure the truth for the purpose of exalting the sovereign's prerogative. I have been in correspondence lately with Mr. Pulman relative to the pedigree of an English gentleman settled at Baden, and have seen enough to assure me that there is a most ingenious system of extortion going on at the Herald's College. I do not see why all their records ought not to be published. It would prevent many a fellow from having his vanity made the means of emptying his pocket. I am glad that you think me right about the *oak* leaves in the duke's crown. May not the two balls in the marquess's crown have been originally oak-apples? The count's crown was, I think, at first a hat, made so,¹ which, when put on with the brim turned up would appear like this;¹ pearls were afterwards put on the points and a band of gold put round the lower part to keep the brim standing up, and the inside was lined with ermine, which showed itself at the bottom of the band. I think I can prove this. A mitre was nothing but a hat with a brim cut thus:¹ which stood up so.¹ The ancient sovereigns of Bohemia are represented on their tombs at Prague with crowns which are evidently

hats with brims cut like this:¹ which, when turned up assume this form:¹ the four labels being fastened together on the top of their head with a great button. I hope one of these days to be able to send a paper to the Antiquaries on this subject. In the meantime I am very glad to hear that I have given Hallam a "dig in the snout," as one of our Kingwood people would say. He deserves it for his attempt to debase the Gentry, and I am afraid that he did this from a political motive. I don't care about my paper being read. It has excited attention: that's sufficient. I will write to Sir H. Ellis and tell him so.





Thank you for the tracing from Elgin Cathedral. It is evidently something which arises out of a desire to associate temporal honors with Our Saviour, more rude however and less systematic than the German design. There is, I am informed, in a church in the neighbourhood of Fribourg in the Breisgau, an *ex voto* painting which was presented in 1400 and in which, according to custom, the donor is represented kneeling with his escutcheon. I think it was given by one of the Dalberg family, who claim descent from the Virgin Mary; but the oddity of this picture is that the Virgin is there represented at the foot of the cross with a label coming out of her mouth pointing towards the kneeling figure, whereon is written: "*Comment se porte mon beau cousin?*" I wonder that historians have never sought after facts such as these to show the state in which the Catholic religion was at the time when Luther arrived, for they can neither be contradicted nor explained away and are evidence of it's corruption such as must carry conviction even to persons of the meanest capacity. . . .

Thank you for the Button pedigree. One can now trace the descent of Barr's Court properly down to Whittuck. So the house in which John Whittuck was to live was the original Bitton Manor-house. How did it become ecclesiastical property? By grant *pro salute animarum*? If [so] didn't it at one time belong to Lacock Abbey? I thought so! Query: Is Bitton and Beatune or Bethume the same name? There were some of the family of the Seigneurs of Bethune in France who came over with the Conqueror: one of them was Bishop of Hereford: his monument is in the Cathedral there. It was not only the case that the Normans took new names from their newly acquired estates, but sometimes they gave the old names to the estate they acquired, so that the name of Bitton may have been conferred on the manor in consequence of it's having been given to a Bethume by William I. . . .

We are here (that is to say all the ladies) most zealously occupied in preparing for the marriage of the Princess Alexandrine of Baden, which is to take place on the 3rd of May, with the Prince Ernest of Coburg—brother to our blessed bargain, Prince Albert. I am to be introduced to his princely and particularly blackguardly Papa next Monday. Great honor for the like of me! We are to have grand fêtes: 'twill cost me a matter of thirty pounds in ladies' dresses. Wish 'em all at I know where. . . .

I have just promised to join a party in an excursion to Maulbronn in Wurbemberg, the scene of Dr. Faustus's magical studies and death. They say that there is the remains of a very extensive ecclesiastical building—convent, church and so forth, and that it is rich in architectural

¹For illustrations see the facsimile on opposite page.—Ed.

of Clarke book on knighthood. The subject is not at all new. In
 nicholas who has written lately on this subject it, has in many instances fallen
 into gross error; and indeed all authors especially those of modern times have
 written with a spirit of subservience to the crown which has utterly distorted
 the truth. Since I have taken up the subject of titles of honor nothing has disgusted
 me so much as the baseness with which lawyers and authors of all kinds have since
 the reign of Henry the 7th have endeavored to perjure the truth for the purpose of upholding
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 relation to the pedigree of an English gentleman settled at Baden; and have seen enough
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 many a fellow from having his vanity made the means of emptying his pocket.
 I am glad that you think me right about the oak leaves in the British crown. May not the
 two bells in the monarch's crown have been originally oak apples - the count's crown was I think at
 first a hat made so  which when put on with the brim turned up would appear
 like  pearls were afterwards put on the points, and a band of gold
 put round the lower part to keep the brim standing up; and the inside was lined with
 crimson which showed only at the bottom of the band. I think I can prove this.
 The ancient coronets of Bohemia are represented on their tombs at Prague with crowns which
 are evidently hats with brims cut like this  which when turned up appears like
 form  the four labels being fastened together on the top of the head with a great
 button. I hope one of these days to be able to send a paper to you containing
 on this subject. In the meantime I am very glad to hear that I have given Hallam
 "a dig in the snout" as one of our Kingswood people would say. He deserves it for his
 attempt to seduce the Queen; and I am afraid that he did it from a political motive. I do
 care about my paper being read. It has excited attention. Most sufficient. I will write
 to Sir H. Ellis & tell him so. Thank you for the tracing from Ely Cathedral. It is certainly
 something which seems all of a piece to appropriate Imperial honors with our nation, have our
 houses and left systematic than the German design. - There is I am informed in
 a church in the neighbourhood of Fribourg in the Prussian - an ex voto painting which

antiquity. If this be true I will send you a particular account of the same. Tell dear Jane that I am expecting to hear from her on the subject of her altar-cloth. In the meantime remember me most kindly to all my old friends at Bitton—Barkers, Mantels and all that remember me, and above all to your own circle. I live in the hope that you and Mrs. Ellacombe and all of you are quite well, which I presume to be the case since you say nothing to the contrary, and in the hope also of telling you personally once more at some future time how very affectionately and sincerely

I am, yours,
R. L. P.

The 'English Gentleman settled at Baden', to whose pedigree allusion is made, can be identified from the draft of another letter (not printed in these articles) as a Mr. Master. The marriage of Princess Alexandrine of Baden to Prince Ernest (afterward the Grand Duke Ernest II) of Saxe Coburg (1818–1893) took place on May 3, 1842.

In 1842 the Supplement to Schilling's "Encyclopädie der gesammten Musikalischen Wissenschaften" appeared at Stuttgart. It contains the account of Pearsall to which he referred in one of his earlier letters. The list of his compositions is interesting. From it we learn that 'In dulci Jubilo' had already been published by D'Almaine and Co. and that he had written a one-act opera 'Der Grenadier', which seems to have disappeared completely. A Symphony, many Overtures, Quintetts and Quartetts are said to be in MS.: several of these are preserved at Einsiedeln.

XI

CARLSRUHE, GERMANY, 27 July, 1842.

My dear Ellacombe:

Many thanks for your last letter, which arrived the day before yesterday. . . .

Unhappy Othello! Where will he find a compassionate editor! Who governs the *Monthly Magazine*? I think I have occasionally read such things in that. Perhaps *there* he might be welcome. Odd enough! we all thought the story interesting here, and you appear to have entertained a similar opinion.

I don't care a fig about the Motet Society, therefore do not make any more representations to them. I am satisfied with the Editor's letter. Their conduct towards me is peculiarly English and peculiarly characteristic of all Corporations. The Editor seems to be a New College man: I should like to know him. If you are on sufficient terms of acquaintance, offer him my compliments and thanks for his letter and good opinion of me. I see by the papers that they are bringing before Parliament the subject of Singing Schools. But there is a much more important sort of school wanted in England, i.e. a school where one may

learn the elements of Counterpoint. This would be a Musical Grammar School. Had we this we should provide ourselves with *schoolmasters* who might teach the *plebs* how to sing. The schools which exist only teach recitation. They make actors but we want authors and we shall never have any of respectability until we have an Academy where one may learn *how to write* as well as how to spout.

I do not care about the paper on the arms of J [esus] C [hrist] being published. I had almost rather that it had remained in the hands of the Society of Antiquaries. If White of Bedford Row publishes it he must not publish the three cases which I sent to Sir H. Ellis by way of Appendix, for that would make mischief. If you write to Sir Henry thank him and say I do not feel hurt at the return of the MS.

I conclude from what you say that the paper on *Duels* has been *published!* You do not, however, say so distinctly enough for me to understand whether it is the MS. or the printed copies which you have received.

I have got a great curiosity for the Society of Antiquaries—a *Vertugadin*. You don't know probably what this is. In *old* England the people were too moral to know the use of it. You have heard, I dare say, that at the court of Henry III of France it was a favorite amusement of that monarch to invite his nobility to supper, then at a given signal all the lights were extinguished—and then of course the company played the devil's diversions. On these occasions so many women got violated that it became the fashion to go to Court with Vertugadins—*quasi Vertugardiens*, which is a sort of defensive armour—extremely light, and curious in its feature. Do you think that the Society of Antiquaries would give me a running commission to purchase for them to the amount of £5 or so? I ask because I have seen lately some curiosities which I might have had for a mere trifle. For instance: a fine specimen of a catapult ball—for 4 florins, about 7/; a "good fox blade," date 1414 (explaining better than all the commentators the words of Ancient Pistol: "Thou diest on the point of fox") for about 10/6, and so forth.

I was at Schlungenbad a few weeks ago where I saw on the wall of the Inn room a History of the Duchy of Nassau advertised by our friend Mr. Phelps. Strange enough this. I thought he was occupied with the history of Somerset. You say my cousin Henry said he thought it likely that I should come to England *owing to the death of someone*. Is then Mrs. Mary Wilkinson of St. Sidwells, Exeter, dead? Pray ask the question there, for if so, I must certainly come to England. . . .

I have finished the preface to my Psalm book and shall send it to you in October. It merely relates to Psalms and Hymns which form Parts I and II of the work: the introduction to Part III, which treats on Chanting, is not yet finished. . . What English Bishop was buried at Constance at the time of the Grand Council there? There is a brass of an ecclesiastic (said to be a Bishop) near the altar, and what makes the thing remarkable is that the royal arms, as worn in the 15th century, are on it. I could not make them out when I was there last Autumn.

I am looking out for an opportunity of sending you a historical notice on Madrigals which I have published in a German periodical. Jane will translate it. I fear I shall not get a means of conveyance before October. . . .

And now that I have written almost to the edge of the paper I cannot occupy what remains better than by sending my affectionate regards to Mrs. Ellacombe and the dear girls, and (in the hope that you and they are well and happy) begging you to believe that I am

Ever yours sincerely,

R. L. P.

The Mr. Phelps mentioned in this letter was the Rev. William Phelps (1776–1856), Vicar of Meare and Bicknoller, Somerset. His “Guide Book to Nassau” was published in 1842. The English Bishop buried at Constance was Bishop Hallam. Pearsall communicated an account of his monumental brass to the Society of Antiquaries on June 1, 1843. The ‘historical notice on Madrigals’ is a paper “Über den Ursprung und die Geschichte des Englischen Madrigals,” which appeared in Vol. II (1842) of F. S. Gassner’s *‘Zeitschrift für Deutschlands Musik-Vereine,’* with a supplement containing madrigals, glees and catches by Tye, Festa, Dowland, Gibbons, Purcell and J. Stafford Smith.

(To be continued)